I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushy*, *Greene*,
Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
What pitty is it, that he hath not trim'd
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare;
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruite-trees,
Least being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite throwne downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?
Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Yorke*,
That tell blacke tidings.
Qu. Oh I am prest to death, through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:
How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing (newes?
What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why do'st thou say King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, (thou little better thing then earth)
Divine his downefall? Say where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.

Post

Post you to London, and you
I speake no more, then every o
Qu. Nimble mischance, that
Doth not thy Embassage belo
And am I last that know it?
To serue me last, that I may
Thy sorrow in my breast. Co
To meet at London, Londons
What, was I borne to this? that
Should grace the Triumph of
Gard'ner, for telling me this ne
I would the Plants thou graft'
Gard. Poore Queene, so th
I would my skill were subiect to
Here did she drop a teare, here
Ile set a Banke of Rew, (sowre H
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly s
In the remembrance of a weepi

Actus Quartus, S

Enter as to the Parliament, Bull
thumberland, Percy, Fitz-Water,
of Westminster. Herauld, Of

Bul. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy mi
What thou dost know of Noble
Who wrought it with the King,
The bloody Office of his timeles
Bag. Then set before my face t
Bul. Cosin, stand forth and look
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I kno
Scornes to unsay what it hath once
In that dead time, when *Glosters* d

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19